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THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER.

BEING SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

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No. 2.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Rescue. *John Brownjohn*	5
The Pickwickians on Ice. *Dickens*	8
A Picture. *Mrs. H. A. Bingham*	15
Tobe's Monument. *Elizabeth Kilham*	16
The Two Anchors. *R. H. Stoddard*	23
The Old Ways and the New. *John H. Yates*	24
By the Alma River. *Miss Mulock*	26
The Trial Scene from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice"	28
The Sisters. *John G. Whittier*	37
Farm-Yard Song	39
The Fortune Hunter. *John G. Saxe*	41
Curing a Cold. *Mark Twain*	43
In the Bottom Drawer	44
Two Irish Idyls. *Alfred Perceval Graves*	45
Over the River. *Priest*	47
The Modest Cousin. *Sheridan Knowles*	49
Biddy's Troubles	56
The Man with a Cold in his Head	57
Harry and I	59
The Shadow on the Wall	61
The Little Puzzler. *Sarah M. B. Piatt*	63
A Traveller's Evening Song. *Mrs. Hemans*	64
Calling a Boy in the Morning	65
Cooking and Courting. *Tom to Ned*	66
A Tragical Tale of the Tropics	68
The Paddock Elms. *B. E. Woolf*	69
The Bobolink. *Aldine*	72
Toothache	74

The Opening of the Piano. *Atlantic Monthly* . . . 75
Press On. *Park Benjamin* 76
The Beauty of Youth. *Theodore Parker* 77
Queen Mab. *Romeo and Juliet* 78
A Militia General. *Thomas Corwin* 79
Address of Spottycus 81
Our Visitor, and What He Came For. 84
"What's the Matter with that Nose?" *Our Fat Contributor* 86
Workers and Thinkers. *Ruskin* 88
The Last Ride. *Nora Perry* 89
Baby Atlas 91
Possession. *Owen Meredith* 92
There is no Death. *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton* 93
The Learned Negro. *Congregationalist* 94
Nearer, my God, to Thee. *Sarah F. Adams* 95
A Short Sermon. *Not by a Hard-shell Baptist* . . . 96
Goin' Home To-day. *W. M. Carleton* 98
The Broken Pitcher. *Anonymous* 99
A Baby's Soliloquy 100
The Double Sacrifice. *Arthur Wm. Austin* . . . 101
Sunday Morning. *George A. Baker, jun.* 103
The Quaker Meeting. *Samuel Lover*. 105

THE READING-CLUB.

THE RESCUE.

NEARER and nearer and nearer and near!
Hark how his horse's hoofs ring out
On the river-bottom, loud and clear!
He waves his *sombrero*, and utters a shout;
His long black hair floats free in the wind;
His gray-hued *serape* is fallen behind.
Nearer and nearer,
He has reached the river, yet does not seem
To notice the ford
Above, where 'tis broad;
But straight down the shelving bank into the stream
He urges his steed like a man in a dream.
Great God! The horse's head is under!
Not so, he swims: 'twas the quicksand, 'tis past.
See his broad breast cleave the waves asunder!
He comes straight onward; he's over at last:
He is here.

Poor mustang, panting and trembling and faint!
Not another rod to-night shall ye stir.
The dusky rider springs to ground,
And looks with questioning glance around.
"*Americanos?* Ah! *Señors*,
What hand so quick to save as yours?
Por amor de Dios, mount and ride!
Los Comanches!" The captain cried, —
"Stranger, enough! we know the rest.
God willing, we will do our best."

Hark to the bugle's roundelay!
Boot and saddle! Up and away!
Mount and ride as ye ne'er rode before;
Spur till your horses' flanks run gore;
Ride for the sake of human lives;
Ride as ye would were your sisters and wives
Cowering under their scalping-knives.
Boot and saddle! Away, away!

Never did order
Come more welcome to us on the border;
Never more promptly did we obey.
Every thing dropped in drear disorder;
Supper half-finished was left on the ground;
Each man sprang to his horse's side;
Cheerily the word went round, —
Rescue, rescue! Mount and ride!
Death to the redskins far and wide!
Then quickly we galloped off into the night,
"All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight."

The evening sun has sunk full soon,
Tinging the west with crimson and gold;
But over each man's left shoulder the moon —
Evil omen
As e'er foretold
To other foemen
In days of old
Danger and death — in majesty
Silently climbs the eastern sky.
The moon behind, the stars shining o'er us,
Shadows and darkness around;
But we only know straight before us
Are twenty miles of ground.
O God! To think of the terrible fate
Awaiting that home if we come too late!
To think twenty miles and two hours hence
May make such fearful difference!
Ah, noble steeds, do all ye know
That twenty miles we draw not rein,
But after that ye shall rest again.

Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
Four times thirty hoofs as one,

Galloping on at a fearful pace,
In terrible race,
One by one the miles go by,
Quickly the horses and moments fly.
"Stranger, are we almost there?"
The Mexican shook his head:
"Ten miles farther on," he said,
Then bowed his head in muttered prayer.
Ten miles more! Will they never pass?
On and on and on we go:
We brush the dew from the buffalo-grass;
We're in the Badlands now.
Still the miles are passing by,
Still the horses and moments fly:
"Stranger, do we near the place?"
The Mexican nods in mute reply,
Then suddenly, with ghastly face,
Points to the western sky.
Aha! What means that lurid glow?
Surely the sun set long ago.
"Pause not for your lives," the captain said:
"'Tis a house in flames, five miles ahead!"

God grant that rarely on human sight
There dawn such a scene as we saw that night!
Such horrible pictures no brush could produce,
Such terrible story no pen could tell;
As if in an instant had been let loose
A thousand fiends of hell.
A bit of timber, a patch of green,
A house in a winding-sheet of flame,
Smoke and fire and ghastly glare,
The shrieks of a poor wretch tortured there,
The cries of women bemoaning their fate,
The yells of the devils incarnate,
Playing their devil's game, —
This is the story filling the air,
This the terrible scene.

A painted savage, with rapid stride,
Places himself by a captive's side,
A moment toys with her beautiful hair,
Then raises his hatchet high in air.
But the threatening weapon never fell;

~~Something~~ stays their horrible mirth;
What thunder is that which shakes the earth?
'Tis a thunder the redskins know full well;
Full well they know that heavy tread,
Full well they know they have cause to dread
The headlong charge of our cavalry.
See what a change in their revelry!
Scalps and captives are heeded not,
Plunder and pillage are all forgot.
Now let the fiends escape who can!
We're down upon them, horse and man;
We follow them far o'er the grassy plain;
We hunt them down amid the trees;
Ay, devils! well may you come to your knees!
Ye shall never slay women and children again.

But hark, the bugle! What does it say?
Methinks the notes were the recall.
Never less promptly did we obey;
Why should we hold our hand to slay?
The captain spoke, and shamed us all, —
"'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay:'
'Twas He that brought us here to-night
In time to save: the fight is won.
Vengeance is his; let him requite:
Our work is done."

JOHN BROWNJOHN, *in New York Tribune.*

THE PICKWICKIANS ON ICE.

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong-beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye — yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I — I am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

"Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic

desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was any thing the matter. "Come: the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thankee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank, —

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against

him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet; but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do any thing of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle: "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the by-standers; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words: —

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding, which is currently denominated "knocking

at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide: and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise, that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick; "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here! I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves, and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass; following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the

painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And, when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that could possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness: while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice, — it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant, for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do: let me implore you — for my sake," roared

Mr. Winkle deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that, if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and, as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant situation, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold!" said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah! that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and, when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant; and, three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case; and, urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen-chimney was on fire, — a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colors to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug

in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honor of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising: so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and, when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him: which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases; and that, if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

DICKENS.

A PICTURE.

A REVERENT hush fell on the waiting crowd,
And solemnly a voice uprose in prayer.
A sunbeam through the half-closed lattice stole,
And lighted up the lofty frescoed cross,
And fell upon the speaker's silvered head
As if it were a benison from Heaven.

About the altar and the white-haired saint,
Were others haloed with the crown of time,
Who long had battled in the blessed strife,
And only waited for the victor's palm;
And some in manhood's strong and fervent noon,
And others in the grace and flush of youth.
In bowed and humble attitude they sat,
The chosen shepherds of the Master's fold.

And on the breast of one there leaned a child, —
A little child with curling golden hair,
With bright blue eyes, and tender, dimpled hands
That lightly rested on the father's arm.
No need for her to bow the sorrowing head,
Or drop the bitter penitential tear.
Sweet innocence its unstained image kept
In the soft eyes that wondering upward turned.

Not yet the voice within her spirit cried
From out the world's wild, stormy wilderness:
She had not wandered in its mazy depths;
Her feet yet lingered by the sunny paths
In which so lately she had strayed from heaven.

And while the father's face was lowly bent,
And rested hidden in his lifted hand,
The gentle child in conscious safety lay,
Securely folded in her father's arms,
And listening to the music of his heart.

Sweet picture! type of saintly confidence!
That brings afresh the tale of olden time,
When the disciples of the Master's choice
Went anxiously inquiring of their Lord
The secret way that to the kingdom led;
"And in their midst he set a little child."

MRS. H. A. BINGHAM.

TOBE'S MONUMENT.

THE "seven-days' fight" was ended. Hundreds of our brave boys lay with white, still faces upturned to the sky on the slopes of Malvern Hill, or moaned away their lives in the marshes along the Chickahominy. The worn, battered remnants of the Grand Army of the Potomac were encamped at Harrison's Landing, on the James, waiting for transports to take them back to Washington.

It was "after taps," a sultry, Southern-summer night. On the extreme edge of the encampment, on the side nearest the enemy, a sentinel paused in his walk, and peered cautiously out into the darkness. "Pshaw!" he said: "it's nothing but a dog." He was resuming his walk, when the supposed quadruped rose suddenly, and walked along two feet, in a manner so unmistakably human, that the sentinel lowered his musket once more, and shouted, "Halt! Advance, and give the countersign!" A faint, childish voice said, "Ain't got none, massa."

"Well, there, now!" said the sentinel, "if it ain't just

a little darky, and I guess I've frightened him half to death. Come here, Snowball."

The child crept up, and said tremblingly, "'Deed, massa, I ain't got nuffin ter gib yer."

"Well, who asked you to give me any thing?"

"Yer done ax me fer gib yer suffin jes' now; and I ain't got nuffin 'cep' my close what I got on."

"Well, you needn't fret; I don't want 'em. — Corporal of the guard! Post two."

The corporal hastened to "post two," and found the sentinel with his hand on the shoulder of a little black boy, who, between fear, fatigue, and hunger, was unable to give any account of himself. "I'll take him to Capt. Leigh," the corporal said: "he's officer of the day. Maybe he'll be able to get something out of him."

The captain stood in front of his tent, looking out into the night, when the corporal and his charge approached.

"Captain," said he, "here's a boy just come into the lines."

"Very well: you can leave him here."

At the first sound of the captain's voice, the boy drew nearer to him, as knowing instinctively that he had found a friend.

"You can go into that tent, and sleep till morning," said the captain.

"What is your name?" was Capt. Leigh's first question the next morning.

"Name Tobe."

"Is that all?"

"Dat's all, Mass Cap'n."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno, Massa Cap'n. Nobody nebber done tole me dat ar."

"Where have you come from?"

"Come fum de back o' Richmon', Mass Cap'n."

"What did you come here for?"

"All de res' ob 'm runned away; an' ole mass he wor so mad, I wor jes' feared o' my life. 'Sides, I t'ought I mought fin' my mammy ef I got 'mong der Unions."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Ole mass done sol' her down in Georgy las' corn-shuckin', an' I ain't nebber heerd ob her sence. But I t'ought mebby she mought ha' runned 'way too, an' I'd fin' her wid der Unions."

"Well, now, what are you going to do?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. I'd like ter stay 'long wid you."

"What can you do?"

"Kin wait on yer, Mass Cap'n; kin shine up boots; an'"—brightening up as his eyes, wandering round, caught sight of the horses—"kin clean de hosses right smart."

"You are not big enough to take care of a horse."

"'Deed I is, Mass Cap'n; an' I ain't 'fraid o' no hoss. Ole mass allus sent me ter tend ter de hosses dat nobody else couldn't manage. Dey allus lets me handle 'em ef dey's ebber so debblesome. Jes' yer try me, Mass Cap'n, an' see ef I telled yer de troof."

"If I keep you with me you must be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"'Deed I will, Mass Cap'n. I'se do ebery work yer say, sho's yer born."

So when the troops left Harrison's Landing, Tobe went too, in charge of the captain's horse and baggage; and, when the steamer was fairly under way, he brightened into a new creature as every revolution of the wheel placed a greater distance between himself and "ole massa."

"Massa Cap'n," he asked one day, "whar is we gwine at?"

"Either to Washington or Alexandria: I don't know exactly which."

"Will dar be one sto' up dar, cap'n?"

"Yes, there are plenty of stores. What do you want from one?"

"Please, Mass Cap'n, please, jess"—and he stammered, and caught his breath, apparently overwhelmed with the magnitude of his desires.

"Well, out with it. What wonderful thing do you want?"

"Please, Mass Cap'n, jess buy me one banjo."

"A banjo! What on earth do you want of that?"

"Kin play de banjo right smart, an' dance too. Kin! Mass Cap'n, I plays fer yer all de time."

"There'd be rather too much of a good thing about that."

"Is yer gwine to git it fer me?"

"I don't know. I'll see when we get there."

Pay-day came. Everybody got fixed up; and Tobe fell heir to an old cavalry-uniform. It didn't fit, to be sure. The pantaloons came up to his shoulders, and were rolled up

in great bunches around his ankles; the jacket came down to his knees; and the sleeves hung like yawning caverns, in which his hands disappeared so far that it seemed doubtful if he would ever find them again. But there were the gilt buttons and cavalry stripes; and Tobe's inmost soul rejoiced over them.

He was so absorbed in his clothes, that he seemed to have forgotten the banjo; when, one day, the captain suddenly held one up before him. His eyes dilated till they seemed to cover half the face; and he gasped out, "Yer gwine to gib me dat ar, Massa Cap'n?"

"You said you wanted a banjo, didn't you?"

"I knows I axed yer fer ter buy me one; but I t'ought mebbe yer wouldn't gi' me de clo's an' de banjo too."

"Well, which will you have, — the banjo, or the clothes?"

Tobe answered not a word, but pulled off his jacket, and laid it at the captain's feet. Capt. Leigh laughed. "Well," he said, "if you want a banjo as bad as that, you shall have it. Here, take it."

"Whar mus' I put de clo's at, Massa Cap'n?"

"You needn't put them anywhere. Keep them on."

"Does yer mean to gi' me de clo's and de banjo too?" And, understanding at last that it was really so, Tobe gave vent to his feelings in a prolong "Ki yi!" then stood on his head, kicking his heels in the air, till, his voluminous garments proving too much for him, he lost his balance, and rolled over. This sobered him. He picked himself up, and walked off, carrying the banjo as if it were a baby.

After that there was no lack of music. Tobe played all day, and only stopped at night when the captain sent him to bed.

It proved that Tobe had told the truth about his skill in taking care of horses. Capt. Leigh's horse had never looked so well as now, and the captain was delighted. Tobe turned out, moreover, to be a very good boy, But the army is not a very good place for boys. So one day Capt. Leigh said, —

"Tobe, how would you like to go North?"

"Whar's it at, Mass Cap'n?"

"I mean my home at the North."

"When is yer gwine, Mass Cap'n?"

"I am not going at all now."

"Does yer mean ter sen' me away from yer, Mass Cap'n?" Capt. Leigh was touched, and answered him very gently, —

"Yes, I want to send you away from me now, because it will be better for you. But, when the war is over, I shall go home; and then you can stay with me always, if you are a good boy."

"I allus does jes' de t'ings yer tell me, Mass Cap'n."

"I know you do. And, just because you do what I tell you so well, I want to send you to my home, to run errands for my wife, and do what work she will give you in the house. And I have three little children, — two little girls and a baby boy. I want you to go with them when they go out to play, and take care of them. My home is in a very pleasant place, in the country. Don't you think you would like to go there?"

"Ef yer goes too, Mass Cap'n."

"But, my boy, I can't possibly go now."

"I'se do jes de t'ing yer say, Mass Cap'n. Ef yer tells me to go, I'se go. An' I'se jest do ebery word the missus say, an' I look af'r de chillens de bes' I knows, ontel yer comes dar. On'y please come right soon, Mass Cap'n." And, as the captain left the tent, Tobe laid his head on his banjo, and cried as if his heart would break.

Capt. Leigh found a brother officer who was expecting to go home on a furlough, and who readily agreed to take charge of the boy in whom his friend was so deeply interested.

But that night came news that made everybody give up the idea of a "furlough," or "going home." The Richmond government, determined to "make the North feel the war as she had not felt it," had organized the "grand raid."

An order came for Capt. Leigh's regiment to march at daylight.

"Tobe," said the captain, "you can go in one of the baggage-wagons. Strap up my blanket and poncho, and take them along; and these boots, take particular care of them, for it's not often I can get a pair of cavalry boots to fit as they do."

"Yer needn't be feared, Mass Cap'n; I'se take care of 'em de bes' I knows."

The main body of the raiders were reported on the line of the South Mountains, making for Gettysburg. Scouting expeditions were sent out from the Northern army in all directions; and a body of troops, including Capt. Leigh's regiment, were ordered to proceed by the shortest route to

Gettysburg, and head the rebels of. One of the baggage-wagons broke down. The driver of another wagon stopped to help his comrade. The troops passed on, and the two wagons were left alone on the mountain. In one of them was Tobe, with the captain's boots, over which he kept constant watch. The men worked busily at the wagon, and Tobe sat watching them. Suddenly a trampling of horses' feet was heard, and a party of cavalry came round a turn in the road.

"That's good," said one of the men: "there's some of the boys. If they'll wait a few minutes, we can go along with 'em."

"'Tain't none of our boys," said the other, after a keen glance; "them's rebs."

At the word, Tobe slid down in the bottom of the wagon under some blankets, and lay silent and motionless with the boots clasped in his arms.

As the soldiers advanced, the officer said, apparently in reply to a question, "No, let the men go: we can't do any thing with prisoners here. But we'll look through the wagon; and, if the Yanks have any thing we want, 'all's fair in war.'"

They reined their horses by the wagon, and, after a few short, sharp questions, proceeded to break open trunks and bags, and appropriate their contents.

The soldiers were about finishing their examination, when one of them said, "What's that under the seat of that wagon?"

"Oh! nothing but a torn blanket," said another. "'Tain't worth taking. We have got all we want."

"There may be something under it, though."

He pushed aside the blanket with his sabre; and there lay Tobe, endeavoring but unsuccessfully to hide the boots under him.

"Ah!" said the officer, "this is worth while. Here's just what I wanted. Come, boy, hand over those boots, quick."

"'Deed, massa," said Tobe, "I can't gib 'em ter yer. Dey 'longs ter Mass Cap'n, an' he tole me take keer ob 'em mos' partic'lar."

"Can't help that. I've got to have them: so pass them along."

"Please, massa," began Tobe; but the rebel cut him short.

"Will you give me those boots? If you don't do it, and in double-quick time too, I'll put a ball through your black skin. I won't ask you again. Now, will you give them up?" and he pulled out his pistol.

"'Deed, massa, I can't, case Massa Cap'n" —

There was a sharp click, a flash, a long, sobbing moan, and Tobe lay motionless, the boots still clasped in his arms, and great drops of blood slowly gathering upon them.

"Enemy in sight," shouted a picket, riding up.

The officer hastily gave an order; and the rebels dashed off at a furious speed a few moments before a party of Union cavalry, with Capt. Leigh at their head, appeared, riding from the opposite direction.

A few words sufficed for explanation. Capt. Leigh laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder, and spoke his name. At the sound of the voice he loved so well, his eyes opened, and he said faintly, "Mass Cap'n, I done de bes' I knowed. I keep the boots."

"O Tobe!" groaned the captain, "I wish you had given them up. I would have lost every thing, rather than have had this."

"Mass Cap'n."

"Yes, Tobe, what is it?"

"De little chillens, Mass Cap'n; I meaned ter wait on 'em right smart. Tell 'em" — His voice grew fainter, and his eyes closed.

"Yes, my boy: what shall I tell them?"

"Tell 'em I didn't lose de boots; I kep 'em de bes' — I knowed."

There was a faint sigh, a flutter of the eyelids, and the little life that had been so truly "de bes' he knowed" (ah, if we could all say that!) was ended.

Very reverently Capt. Leigh lifted the boots, all wet and stained with blood. "I will never wear those boots again," he said; "but I will never part with them. They shall be Tobe's monument."

In the hall of Capt. Leigh's house is a deep niche; and in it, on a marble slab covered with a glass case, stands a pair of cavalry-boots with dark stains upon them: and on the edge of the slab, in golden letters, is the inscription, —

"In memory of Tobe,
Faithful unto death."

ELIZABETH KILHAM.

THE TWO ANCHORS.

It was a gallant sailor man,
Had just come from sea,
And, as I passed him in the town,
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man, —
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day, —
His ship was then in sight, —
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight, —
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in:
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours.
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night, —
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said.
"Go on, go on: I follow you."
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
The door was open wide,
And at the door the dearest face, —
A dearer one inside.
He hugged his wife and child; he sang, —
His spirits were so light, —
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down, —
The sailor's wife and child,
And he and I: he looked at them,
And looked at me, and smiled.
"I think of this when I am tossed
Upon the stormy foam,
And, though a thousand leagues away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see, in dreams at night,
This little anchor on my left,
This great one on my right."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I'VE just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed, 'neath the rays of a scorching sun,
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task for the day was done:

I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swingin' the old scythe then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men:
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power;
The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half: when he puts it into his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and learn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it; but I said to the hired men,
I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my threescore years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' most anywhere.

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new;
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they change their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin'-machines, their wringers, and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;
You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toilin' for you and I:
There were cows to milk; there was butter to make; and many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' em' out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a machine;
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower — There! Hear it afar?
A-rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with the noise of a railroad-car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of the arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross:
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven, by the simple way of the cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop, that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands, —
Father, who here kissed his boy

Not two months since, — father kind,
Who this night may — Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that He may hear
Who is God of battles; say,
"Oh, keep father safe this day
By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work:
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands — no other word!
Stands: God sure the child's prayer heard —
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day:
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away, —
Hundreds, thousands! Let us weep,
We who need not, — just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again,
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and *fell*
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
Poor the bed is, poor and hard:
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries — Willie, mark —
Where *he buries* those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
God will keep us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes — Child, say thy prayer
Once again, — a different one:
Say, "O God, thy will be done
By the Alma River!"

THE TRIAL SCENE FROM SHAKSPEARE'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The DUKE, *Magnificoes*, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SOLANIO, SALARINO, GRATIANO, *discovered.*

Duke. [*Seated*, C.] What! is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK, L.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. (R.) I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: — I'll not answer that;
But say, it is my humor: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned; what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor will I not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. (L. C.) This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. (L. C.) I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, — I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them; shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under their burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours: — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: — answer: shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter SOLANIO *with* NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk*, R., *and goes to the duke.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. [*gets up.*] No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. (R. C.) Oh, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.
Shy. (R. C.) [*Holding up the bond, and tapping it with the knife.*] Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court: —
Where is he?

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.* PORTIA, *advancing to the* C. *of the stage, bows to the Court, and then approaches the* DUKE.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause. —
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock both stand forth.
[*They stand forth,* PORTIA *in* C. *of stage.*]
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
[*To Ant.*] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy; I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. [*in ecstasy.*] A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —
Oh, wise young judge, how do I honor thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
[*Gives it.*]
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven!
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor. —
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife; —
Shy. Oh, noble judge! Oh, excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. Oh, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond; — Doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am armed, and well prepared. —
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*aside.*]
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learnèd judge! — A sentence! come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little: — there is something else. —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood.
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.
Gra. (R.) Oh, upright judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. Oh, learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft:
The Jew shall have all justice! — soft! — no haste; —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. Oh, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, — be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple! nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question. [*going* R.]
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, — to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more — that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. [SHYLOCK *crosses*, R.]
Gra. (L.) In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHY., R.]
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring, and wild winds blow?

No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried, —

"O Sister Rhoda! there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone —

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth."

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hill the farm boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing:

The early dews are falling,
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farmer boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye:
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so, so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hands has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', co', co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

Two village friends who chanced to meet
One morning in the public street,
When each had kindly hailed the other
With "How d'ye do?" and "How's your mother?"
And "Shall we have a change of weather?"
Fell into grave discourse together
About Dame Fortune. One declared
His purpose, — should his life be spared, —
To seek the lady far and wide,
Until he found her. "Faith!" replied
The other, "Seek her if you choose;
For me, I'd rather save my shoes
For work at home. Perhaps she may
(Who knows?) come here some pleasant day?"
Unmoved to hear his neighbor scoff,
That very day the man set off
In quest of Fortune. "Sure the court
Must be her favorite resort,"
The fellow said unto himself;
"And *there*, — the seat of power and pelf, —
I'll first inquire." With this intent,
Straight to the Capitol he went,
Assumed the manners of the throng,
He praised the monarch, right or wrong,

As fashion bade, talked, dressed, and danced,
But not a whit his aim advanced;
For, though he'd heard of some who'd seen
(Or said they had) the fickle queen,
Still, to his sorrow and surprise,
She never blessed his longing eyes.
"Good lack!" he cried, "'tis very clear
I waste my time in loitering here."
And so, reflecting long, the man
Set sail, at last, for Indostan;
For *there*, according to report,
Dame Fortune held perpetual court.
Now, having braved the ocean's storms,
And pallid Death in hideous forms
Of shipwreck, pirates, and a host
Of perils on a foreign coast,
They told him on the Indian shore
The same old tale he'd heard before, —
Some favorites of Fortune might
Have had, perhaps, a transient sight
Of her whom he so fondly sought,
But seeking there would come to naught:
They bade him go to China, — *there*
She flourished bravely everywhere.
To China, then, our tourist goes,
Though pains and perils thick oppose,
Still seeking Fortune. All in vain:
No glimpse of her could he obtain.
The pigtails all informed the man
He'd better go to Indostan;
For *there*, if anywhere, they thought
The dame resided whom he sought.
Disgusted thus again to hear
The tail that cost his purse so dear,
And weary with the foolish quest
That gave him neither wealth nor rest,
He hastened home, and gazing round,
With joy to see his native ground,
Straight to his friend's abode he flies;
And there (could he believe his eyes?)
She whom he sought in vain before
Sat smiling at his neighbor's door!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife — poor thing — goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents: and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: here are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

TWO IRISH IDYLS.

RIDING DOUBLE.

TROTTIN' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony.

How am I to know that
Molly's safe behind,
Wid our heads in oh! that
Awkward way inclined?
By her gentle breathin'
Whispered past my ear,
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me *here.*
Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony.

Yerriz! Masther Jack,
Lift your fore-legs higher,
Or a rousin' crack,
Surely you'll require.
"Oh," says Moll, "I'm frightened
That the pony'll start!"
And her hands she tightened
On my happy heart;
Till widout reflectin',
'Twasn't quite the vogue,
Somehow I'm suspectin'
That I snatched a pogue.
Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony.

RIDING TREBLE.

Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.
"How can three be on, boy?
Sure the wife and you,
Though you should be *one*, boy,
Can't be more nor *two!*"
Arrah, now then, may be,
You've got eyes to see

That this purty baby
Adds us up to *three*.
Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

Come, give over, Jack,
Cap'rin' and curvettin'
All that's on your back
Foolishly forgotten';
For I've tuk the notion
One may canterin' go,
Trottin' is a notion
I'd extind to *two;*
But to travel steady,
Matches best wid *three,*
And we're that already,
Mistress Moll and Me,
Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me, —
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side!
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, — the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale, —
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail —
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

PRIEST.

THE MODEST COUSIN.

ADAPTED FROM SHERIDAN KNOWLES' PLAY, "THE HUNCHBACK."

Enter HELEN, R.

Hel. I'm weary wandering from room to room;
A castle after all is but a house, —
The dullest one when lacking company!
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself.
I'll go to bed and sleep. No — I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love!
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find!
I'll change my treatment of him — cross him where
Before I used to humor him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

Enter MODUS, L., *slowly, an open book in his hand.*

What's that you read?
Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.
Hel. 'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.
Modus. To lie!
Hel. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. As sour
'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!
Why, how the monster stares, and looks about!
You construe Latin, and can't construe that!
Modus. I never studied women.
Hel. No; nor men.
Else would you better know their ways: nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand.*
Modus. Right, you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.

So please you, — may I pick it up again?
I'll put it in my pocket!
Hel. Pick it up.
He fears me as I were his grandmother!
What is the book?
Modus. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.
Hel. That Ovid was a fool!
Modus. In what?
Hel. In that:
To call that thing an art, which art is none.
Modus. And is not love an art?
Hel. Are you a fool,
As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that
You went to college? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.
Modus. Nay, you know not
The argument.
Hel. I don't? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did! The face, — the form, —
The heart, — the mind we fancy, cousin; that's
The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing!
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Could'st thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out? —
Could'st find it out, wast thou in love thyself?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness; then
To sickness; then to dying — but not die!
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence; from confidence
To boldness; — then you'd speak: at first entreat;
Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;
Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows!
Modus. You wrong me there.

At school I was the champion of my form.
And since I went to college —
Hel. That for college! [*Crosses* R., *and fillips with her fingers.*
Modus. Nay, hear me!
Hel. Well? What, since you went to college?
You know what men are set down for who boast
Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin!"
What, since you went to college? Was there not
One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,
And that he was your master!
Modus. He my master?
Thrice was he worsted by me.
Hel. Still was he
Your master.
Modus. He allowed I had the best!
Allowed it, mark me! Nor to me alone,
But twenty I could name.
Hel. And mastered you
At last! Confess it cousin, 'tis the truth.
A proctor's daughter you did both affect —
Look at me and deny it! Of the twain
She more affected you. I've caught you now.
An opportunity she gave you, sir —
Deny it if you can! — but though to others,
When you discoursed of her you were a flame,
To her you were a wick that would not light,
Though held in the very fire! And so he won her —
Won her, because he wooed her like a man,
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest. Now, sir,
Protest that you are valiant!
Modus. Cousin Helen!
Hel. Well, sir?
Modus. The tale is all a forgery!
Hel. A forgery!
Modus. From first to last: ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at college.
Hel. It was a scrivener's, then, — or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her,
And, shame upon you, let another take her!
Modus. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at college —
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Hel. Indeed! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!
Well, cousin?
Modus. Well? What more would'st have me say?
I think I've said enough.
Hel. And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?
Modus. [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not!
Hel. You did not?
Modus. No,
I'll die if I did!
Hel. Why, then you did not, cousin:
So let's shake hands again — [*He takes her hand as before.*]
Oh, go, and now
Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on: —
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!
Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!
I'll give it up.
Modus. Nay, prithee don't — try on!
Hel. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.
Modus. For what?
Hel. To trust my face so near to thine.
Modus. I know not what you mean.
Hel. I'm glad you don't!
Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
You well at college. With another man
My lips would be in danger? Hang the ruff!
Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.
Hel. Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*
I swear the ruff is good for just
As little as its master! There! — 'Tis spoiled —
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,
Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love. [*Exit,* R.
Modus. Went she in anger! I will follow her, —
No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!

Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me
With backwardness in love? What could she mean?
Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,
Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,
I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,
When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me
To-day, as never did she look before!
A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,
A faint one never won fair lady yet.
I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes!
[*Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.*]
Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin! [*About to exit,* R. *Enter* HELEN, L.

Hel. Why, Cousin Modus! Cousin Modus,
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I'm very — very ill,
And not a chair in all the corridor?
Modus. I'll find one in the study. [*Going towards,* L.
Hel. Hang the study!
Modus. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.
[*Going,* R.
Hel. You sha'n't!
I'll faint ere you come back!
Modus. What shall I do?
Hel. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
Give me your arm — be quick! [*Modus offers his arm.*] Is that the way
To help a lady when she's like to faint?
I'll drop unless you catch me! [*Falls against him. — He supports her.*] That will do;
I'm better now — [*He offers to leave her.*] — don't leave me! Is one well
Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.
I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he — [*Aside.*]
Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now.
Well, Cousin Modus?
Modus. Well! sweet cousin?
Hel. Well?
You heard what Master Walter said?
Modus. I did.
Hel. And would you have me marry? Can't you speak? Say yes or no.
Modus. No, cousin.

Hel. Bravely said!
And why, my gallant cousin?
Modus. Why?
Hel. Ah, why! —
Women, you know, are fond of reasons — why
Would you not have me marry? How you look!
Is it because you do not know the reason?
You mind me of a story of a cousin
Who once her cousin such a question asked.
He had not been to college, though, — for books,
Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,
Which he could construe marvellously well,
Though writ in language all symbolical.
Thus stood they once together, on a day —
As we stand now — discoursed as we discourse, —
But with this difference, — fifty gentle words
He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him! —
What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,
As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.
And what was his reply? To think of it
Sets my heart beating — 'twas so kind a one!
So like a cousin's answer — a dear cousin!
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!
What did he say?
Modus. On my soul I can't tell.
Hel. A man might find it out,
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say? He'd marry her himself!
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!
Modus. You are not well yet.
Hel. Yes.
Modus. I'm sure you're not.
Hel. I'm sure I am.
Modus. Nay, let me hold you, cousin!
I like it.
Hel. Do you? I would wager you
You could not tell me why you like it. Well!
You see how true I know you! How you stare!
What see you in my face to wonder at?
Modus. A pair of eyes!
Hel. At last he'll find his tongue — [*Aside.*]
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?
Modus. Not such a pair.

Hel. And why?
Modus. They are so bright!
You have a Grecian nose.
Hel. Indeed?
Modus. Indeed!
Hel. What kind of mouth have I?
Modus. A handsome one.
I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!
I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!
Hel. Cousin, I'm well, — you need not hold me now.
Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!
I need your arm no longer — take't away!
So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!
Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold
Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?
Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.
Hel. What would you learn?
Modus. The use of lips?
Hel. To speak.
Modus. Naught else?
Hel. How bold my modest cousin grows!
Why, other use know you?
Modus. I do.
Hel. Indeed!
You're wondrous wise! And pray, what is it?
Modus. This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*
Hel. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin, — for my lips,
I keep them for a husband! [*Crosses*, R.] Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!
Why do you follow me?
Modus. I love you, cousin!
Hel. Oh, cousin! say you so? That's passing strange!
Falls out most crossly — is a dire mishap —
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!
Modus. Die for!
Hel. Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!
Modus. And you'll be mine?
Hel. I will.
Modus. Your hand upon it.
Hel. Hand and heart.
Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine —

Attire thee for the altar — so will I.
Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.
Away! Despatch! But heark you, ere you go,
Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And cousin! stop — one little word with you!

[*Beckons* HELEN *over to him, snatches a kiss. — She runs off,* R.; *he takes the book from his bosom, looks at it, and throws it down. — Exit,* L., *waving his handerchief triumphantly.*

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

"IT's thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer knew, honey, that my fourth coosin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about ginteel housework and the likes; while at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate-spoken lady, and never looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth kind face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes, before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Thin I went searching after clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had to be sure. High and low I went, till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks, to be sure. Och, how she scramed and laughed, till my face was as rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind swate way what her meaning was. Thin she told me how to air the beds; and it was a day for me, indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me, —

"'Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an airin', if yees will.'

"What should I do — and it's thru what I am saying this blessed minute — but go up stairs wid the child, and shake

While I was goidg on with "tra la lala la," codgratulatig bysel bedtally upod by success, a yug fellow livig id the house adjoining by sweetheart threw up widdow ad shouted, "*Blow your doze, you fool! blow your doze!*" Ad all the bad of busiciads laughed log ad udfeeligly. Fadey by feligs! Shakig by cledched fist at the yug scoudrel id the widdow, I adathebatized hib with the bost awful ibbecatiods I could thidk of, udmidful who bight hear or who bight dot. Of the iddecedt ad udfeelig busiciads, I took no further dotice thad to hurl theb their pay upod the groud. Theb barched hobe, ad retired to my apartbedt, frob which I did dot eberge for budths.

HARRY AND I.

We stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us;
The air had the smell of June;
The cricket chirped in the grasses;
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Distorted and lank and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow —
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
"I love you, Margery Lee;"
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling,
Because you are young and fair;
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
And the gold of your curling hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at our feet.

"My heart will break with its fulness,
Like a cloud o'ercharged with rain;
Oh tell me, Margery, darling!
How long must I love in vain?"
With blushes and smiles I answered—
(I will not tell what)—just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only;
I promised to love but him,
Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
And the stars with age grew dim.
Oh the strength of man's devotion!
Oh the vows a woman speaks!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow
With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I—did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart do you fancy,
For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again.
And a low voice keeps repeating,—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together,—
"I love you, Margery, dear.

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
And not for your eyes' soft blue,
But because your heart is tender,
And noble and pure and true."
The voice is dearer than Harry's;
And so I am glad, you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow,
Instead of Margery Lee.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

My home a stately dwelling is,
With lofty arching doors;
There is carving on the ceiling high,
And velvet on the floors:
A rich and costly building,
Where noiseless servants wait.
And 'neath the escutcheon's gilding,
None enter but the great.
But a happier home is near it, a humble cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress the shadows on her wall.

My pictures are the pride of Art,
And drawn by cunning hands,
But painted figures never move,
Nor change the painted lands;
Before the poorest window
More gorgeous pageants glide,
Within the lowliest household,
More lifelike groups abide;
And I turn from soulless symbols, that crowd my gloomy hall,
To watch the shifting shadows upon the cottage wall.

My stately husband never bends,
To kiss me on the lips;
His heart is in his iron safe,
His thoughts are with his ships;
But when the twilight gathers
Adown the dusky street,
The little housewife listens
For sounds of coming feet;
And by the gleaming firelight I see a figure tall
Bend down to kiss a shadow, — a shadow on the wall.

My garden palings, broad and high,
Shut in its costly spoils,
And through the ordered paths all day
The silent gardener toils;
My neighbor's is a grass-plat,
With a hardy buttercup,
Where the children's dimpled fingers
Pull dandelions up.
Where on a baby's silken head, all day the sunbeams fall,
Till evening throws its shadows upon the cottage wall.

My petted lapdog, warm and soft,
Nestles upon my knee;
My birds have shut their diamond eyes
That love to look at me;
Lonely, I watch my neighbor,
And watching can but weep
To see her rock her darlings
Upon her breast asleep.
Alas! my doves are gentle, my dogs come at my call,
But there is no childish shadow upon my chamber wall.

My beauty is the talk of fools;
And by the gaslight's glare,
In glittering dress and gleaming gems,
I know that I am fair;
But there is something fairer,
Whose charm in loving lies,
And there is something dearer,
The light of happy eyes.
So I return triumphant queen of the brilliant ball,
To envy the sweet shadow of the housewife on the wall.

My earthly lot is rich and high,
And hers is poor and low;
Yet I would give my heritage
Her deeper joys to know;
For husbands that are lovers
Are rare in all the lands,
And hearts grow fit for heaven,
Moulded by childish hands;
And while I go up lonely, before the Judge of all,
A cherub troop will usher the shadow on the wall.

THE LITTLE PUZZLER.

"Do angels wear white dresses, say?
Always, or only in the summer? Do
Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?
Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?

For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife, and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm, —
That lovely arm so plump and rounded;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses:
I passed the most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle:
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted;
But locks would break it, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up — her hands were doughy;
Oh! it did take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy.
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;
Somehow, that made me all the bolder;
Her arch lips looked so red that I —
Well — found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month;
Come and attend the wedding revels.
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils!
You'd better go for some girl's hand;
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

TOM TO NED.

A TRAGICAL TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Jean Jacque Knyfe was a jolly tar,
Aboard of the steamship "Golden Star,"
That belongs to the line of old what-d'ye-call,
And sails from New York to Aspinwall.

Kitty Bo Peep was a dusky maid,
Whose father was in the banana trade;
Oranges, too, were in his way;
And the Bo Peeps lived at Panama Bay.

One day Jean Jacque Knyfe left his ship,
And across the Isthmus he took a trip;
And in his wanderings who should he see
But Kitty, asleep, 'neath a mango-tree.

Under a mango-tree, fast asleep,
With her head on her arm, lay sweet Bo Peep.
She looked like an angel — minus wings —
In her snow-white muslin and other things.

And Jean he took and shivered his eyes,
And swore an oath of tremendous size,
That any party might take his hat,
If he'd ever seen a sight like that.

Kitty Bo Peep started up in alarm,
And Jacque Knyfe offered to her his arm:
You'd thought he'd known her a year or two
If you'd only seen the kisses he threw.

'Twas love at first sight, I am sure, with he;
And ditto it was, I know, with she:
She promised to meet him and tell her love
That night, at nine, in the pine-apple grove.

And there, at that witching hour in June,
They whispered their love 'neath the round full moon:
He held her fast in his manly arms,
And feasted his eyes on her dusky charms.

The ring-tailed monkeys sported around,
And the speckled snakes squirmed over the ground;
The crocodile paused in his wild career,
When he heard their low-toned voices near.

Ominous hour! sad to relate!
A cocoanut dropped on Jean Jacque Knyfe's pate:
It doubled him up, — she gave a yell, —
And down a cold corpus Jean Jacque fell!

Bo Peep she shrieked for a glass of rum,
And an ounce of a kind of native gum,
Which the generous neighbors, quick as flash,
Kindly supplied her with — for cash.

She mixed them together, and every speck
She — drank, and fell on her Jean Jacque's neck;
Then smoothed her hair, and laid by his side,
And, bidding farewell to Bo-Peep, died.

They buried them under the Ginkgo-tree, —
Jean Jacque Knyfe and Kitty Bo P.;
And around the foot of the Ginkgo's trunk
The mourners, I'm sorry to say, got drunk.

And over Jean Jacque's and Bo Peep's grave
The winds and the bald-faced monkeys rave:
This for a trysting-place they choose, —
The aforesaid monkeys and kangaroos.

Stranger! if ever you pass that way,
Remember the lovers of Panama Bay;
Find the Ginkgo-tree under which they sleep,
Where the gay gorillas their vigils keep.

THE PADDOCK ELMS.

THE belated wayfarer, whose steps led him to the vicinity of the granary burying-ground on a certain night, would, had he chanced to be of an observant nature, have seen a group of

persons under one of the largest Paddock elms. He would have noticed that they were men considerably past the middle age, with marvellously weak hams, infirm of body, and rapidly entering into the lean-and-slippered-pantaloon period of life. They all had old-fashioned gingham umbrellas with brass nozzles and buck-horn handles, and were well muffled in comforters. One or two had long, heavy worsted stockings over their boots, and all had handkerchiefs tied over their hats and ears. They were wheezing and coughing piteously, and one or two of them seemed as though they would give up the ghost in some of the paroxysms of sneezing under which they occasionally suffered. The rain dripped from the ribs of their upraised umbrellas, which, when an occasional breath of air took them underneath, rendered their holders so unsteady as to give rise to the fear that the poor old gentlemen would be overturned. One of them, an amiable-looking fat person, with a round, baby face, smoothly shaven, and a pair of silver spectacles astride his nose, carried a tin lantern full of holes, like a nutmeg grater, in which a number-six tallow-candle flickered, emitting a sickly and spasmodic light. Had this same wayfarer concealed himself in a favorable spot, he would have heard this old gentleman, after a preliminary wheeze and a throat-clearing cough, deliver himself to the following effect, in a shrill and piping voice: —

"We are convened here, gentlemen, to give vent to our indignation against those villains who would counsel the removal of the Paddock elms."

A snuffle of approval was given by his listeners; and one in particular drooled with so much enthusiasm that he nearly went into a fit, and had to be thumped violently in the back with the handle of an umbrella before he could be brought to his senses again.

"Gentlemen," continued the first speaker, "upon us, the oldest inhabitants, devolves the duty of preserving these relics of the past from the hand of the destroyer, and I take upon myself the duty of calling the meeting to order upon the steps of Park-street Church."

Here an old gentleman began to sob, and to cluck like a hen; but he was soothed by one of his companions, who told him with much feeling not to be afraid, for the elms should not be removed, whereupon the entire party adjourned to the steps of Park-street Church, and held an indignation meeting.

"I call Brother Behindhand to the floor," crooned the gentleman with the lantern; whereat the party addressed held on by the railings, and delivered himself as follows: —

"Brethren, we are met in one of the holiest of causes, the preservation of the Paddock elms. We played beneath them when we were children, and our parents played beneath them when they were children; and now, because some people have gone to work and built the city up to them, so that they are no longer in the country, it is proposed to remove them. Is it the fault of the trees that they are in the city? Did they ask anybody to cover the fields which once surrounded them with houses? Then, why should they be blamed because they are in the way? But they are not in the way. It is the streets and houses that are in the way. These trees, then, must remain at any cost." Here the speaker trembled with emotion, and the tears rolled down his aged cheeks. He essayed to speak again, but found himself unable to do so on account of shortness of breath, and the sobs which choked his utterance. A severe fit of coughing attacked him also; and he felt suddenly obliged to sit down on the steps, where the warmth of his body presently melted a desirable spot in the snow, in which he could repose in comfort. A murmur of approval greeted him, and the oldest gentleman present proposed three cheers for the speaker. These were given at once, and with a vehemence that overturned two or three of the performers. The chairman then said: —

"We would like to hear a few remarks from Brother Standstill."

Brother Standstill came forward, but found himself suffering from a weakness in the knees, and was permitted to address the chair in a sitting posture.

"Brothers," he whimpered in a weak treble voice, "I am, as you all know, adverse to any proposition for the removal of these trees. Already has the vandalism of the age introduced gas into houses, laid on water-mains, invented the telegraph, done away with mail coaches, and tolerated steam railroads. That is quite enough to submit to, and it is time that the advance of innovation was stayed. Tallow candles have nearly disappeared, and sperm-oil lamps have also gone. Does your blood not boil at these outrages? You have weakly submitted to them, but they are as nothing compared to the new one that is proposed, — one that would

cover the age with infamy: I allude to the removal of these beloved elms. Let all go but these! Save these, and you may well echo the words of Julius Cæsar, or Rufus Choate, or Charles I., I forget who now: 'All is gone but honor.' In the year 1794, when I was a boy, I remember riding from Roxbury to Long Wharf on a hay-wagon. Could I do that now? No! Emphatically no! I used to pick cherries from a tree on the corner of School Street. Can I do that now? No! It is well said by the poet, a bird in the hand — no, it was Æsop; — is worth two — no it was Alexander the Great! — no; I" — The speaker grew confused; and, to render his discomfiture greater, he began to cough, and lost his false teeth. The meeting was interrupted while the other old gentlemen began to hunt in the snow for them. The chairman opening the door of the lantern to give light, a gust of wind blew the candle out, and left them in the dark, whereupon there was a great consternation, in the midst of which the meeting adjourned. We hope, however, that these, the real advocates for the preservation of the Paddock elms, will not be discouraged, but will continue to exert themselves in favor of their cherished landmarks.

B. E. Woolf.

THE BOBOLINK.

Once, on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers, in dreaming mood,
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along:
The air was fragrant with woodland scents;
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilting winrows of grass new mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire, —
"Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! kiss, kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"

Tender garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
Dusk and cool, in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
Silently glided with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms which spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead —
The stream so narrow, the bough so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
And the flitting form of the dragon-fly,
Save where the swift-winged swallow played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument —

"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel — I can see
All around from this tall birch-tree!"
But ah! they noted — nor deemed it strange —
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change, —
"Do it! do it!" — with might and main
Warbled the tell-tale — "Do it again!"

ALDINE.

TOOTHACHE.

To have it out or not, — that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles
And by extracting end them? To pull, — to tug: —
No more; and by a tug to say we end
The toothache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull, — to tug: —
To tug! perchance to break: — ay, there's the rub;
For in that wrench what agonies may come,
When we have half-dislodged the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The old wife's nostrum, dentists' contumely,
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep delay,
The insolence of pity, and the spurns
That patient sickness of the healthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
For one poor shilling? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sink beneath a load of pain,
But that the dread of something lodged within,
The linen-twisted forceps, from whose pangs
No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will,
And makes it rather bear the ills it has,
Than fly to others that it knows not of?
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen,
With the gambrel roof and gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices! what a group of cheeks in flame!
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave, paternal way;
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it o'er Sorrow, and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with the tapping, tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices; and every eye grew dim
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
Wedded since and a widow, — something like ten years dead, —
Hearing a gush of music such as none had heard before,
Steals from her mother's chamber, and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard;)
"Open it! open it, lady, and let me see the bird!"

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

PRESS ON.

PRESS on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon wall of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts, who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts, and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs! Press on, press on!

Therefore, press on, and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not, for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on, and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH.

How beautiful is youth, — early manhood, early womanhood, how wonderfully fair! what freshness of life, cleanness of blood, purity of breath! What hopes! There is nothing too much for the young maid or man to put into their dream, and in their prayer to hope to put into their day. O young men and women! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw that seems too high, too beautiful, for your young hearts. What aspirations there are for the good, the true, the fair, and the holy! The instinctive affections, — how beautiful they are, with all their purple prophecy of new homes and generations of immortals that are yet to be! The high instincts of reason, of conscience, of love, of religion, — how beautiful and grand they are in the young heart, fragrantly opening its little cup, not yet full-blown, but with the promise of a man! I love to look on these young faces, and see the first-lings of the young man's beard, and the maidenly bloom blushing over the girl's fair cheek; I love to see the pure eyes beaming with joy and goodness, to see the unconscious joy of such young souls, impatient of restraint, and longing for the heaven that we fashion here. So have I seen in early May among the New-England hills the morning springing in the sky, and gradually thinning off the stars that hedge about the cradle of the day; and all cool and fresh and lustrous came the morning light, and a few birds commenced their songs, prophets of many more; and ere the sun was fairly up you saw the pinky buds upon the apple-trees, and scented the violets in the morning air, and thought of what a fresh and lordly day was coming up the eastern sky.

THEODORE PARKER.

QUEEN MAB.

Oh! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweatmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone, —

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door, and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just for a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right, if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife; and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

"Not that I want to say any thing about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece: it wasn't much of a piece; and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring-water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick and replied with increased emotion, —

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever see; and, mister, John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. Bla — bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday; and he's handy with his fists too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew; but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith! I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see the man that printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about six o'clock in the evening, and then went up-street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT NOSE?"

SNYDER kept a beer-saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper, — "sudden and quick in quarrel," — get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys, — partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder" as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's

nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead-ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis: "the sun it pes hot like ash der tifel, unt I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and, seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder, brought it to them; and the new-comer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your frient here I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt the sun he purnt 'em — zwi lager — den cents — all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time: s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret"—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing)—"ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder,—ha!—ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic,—

"I've peen out fishing mit der poys, unt de sun it juse as hot like ash dar tifel, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse —— ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha—ha! ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner,—

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on der Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like as—vel, I purn my pugle. Now, what is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right; I purn my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose, — burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose; for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga— Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha! ha! Why — why — Snyder — who — who — ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared, —

"I've been out fishin' mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never vas. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take yose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your mean American finger mit em! That's the kind of man vot I am!"

And Snyder was right.

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

WORKERS AND THINKERS.

ON a large scale, and in work determinable by line and rule, it is indeed both possible and necessary that the thoughts of one man should be carried out by the labor of others; in this sense I have already defined the best architecture to be the expression of the mind of manhood by the hands of childhood. But on a smaller scale, and in a design which cannot be mathematically defined, one man's thoughts can never be expressed by another: and the difference between the spirit of touch of the man who is inventing and of the man who is obeying directions is often all the difference between a great and a common work of art. How wide the separation is between original and second-hand execution, I shall endeavor to show elsewhere: it is not so

much to our purpose here, as to mark the other and more fatal error of despising manual labor when governed by intellect; for it is no less fatal an error to despise it when thus regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always, in these days, endeavoring to separate the two: we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen, in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers, and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity. It would be well if all of us were good handicraftsmen in some kind, and the dishonor of manual labor done away with altogether; so that, though there should still be a trenchant distinction of race between nobles and commoners, there should not, among the latter, be a trenchant distinction of employment, as between idle and working men, or between men of liberal and illiberal professions. All professions should be liberal; and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement. And yet more, in each several profession, no master should be too proud to do its hardest work. The painter should grind his own colors; the architect work in the mason's yard with his men; the master-manufacturer be himself a more skilful operative than any man in his mills; and the distinction between one man and another be only in experience and skill, and the authority and wealth which these must naturally and justly obtain.

RUSKIN.

THE LAST RIDE.

THERE was red wine flowing from the flagons,
The jewel-crusted flagons slim and tall,
And a hundred voices, laughing, jesting,
And a hundred toasts ringing down the hall;
For the baron held a feast at the castle, —
The gay young baron, lithe and tall.

From the dais-steps the red drums beating,
And the horns and the silver trumpets blowing,
And the quick sweet rasping of the fiddles,
Set the dancers in the dance-room a-going;
And all through the palace ran the music,
And all night the red wine was flowing.

And the baron led the wassail and the dance, —
The gay young baron, lithe and tall,
With gallant smiles and jests for the lovely women guests,
Till the cock crew athwart the castle wall;
But amid the lovely faces rising out of ruffs and laces,
One face for the baron shone fairer than them all.

He had stolen from the drinking and the dancing;
He was standing in the doorway at her side;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
A suit she coquetted and denied;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
When the blast of a bugle far and wide

Rang its clear silver treble in the court-yard,
Three times three, for a sharp battle-call;
And the voice of a trooper hoarsely shouted,
"Ho, barons, for the king, one and all!"
Round and round, over hill and over valley,
Far and wide rang the sharp battle-call.

Round and round rang the news of the rising,
The rising of old Coventry that night;
And the barons, one and all, at the bugle's battle-call,
Mustered forth, fifty strong, for the fight.
Corslets ringing, feathers flinging, pennons swinging —
Oh, it must have been a spirit-stirring sight!

Women's faces grew as white as the rose, —
The white rose of York upon each breast;
Red lips in that moment lost their blooming,
Gay hearts in that moment lost their jest.
But out of fifty faces, sorrow-saddened,
There was one face sadder than the rest.

Eyes that a moment since disdained him,
Lips that were laughing and denying,
Heart that coquetted with its wooing,
Now on the wooer's breast is lying;
While the bugle rings its blast, and the troopers rattle past,
Over hill and over valley flying, flying.

And the baron rides last, but the baron rides fast,
Over hill and over valley, rides away;
With a smile upon his face, and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament, or a hunting holiday.
But in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
In the front of the fight his white plumes play.

And in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
The red field is won ere the day's half begun;
And the Cavaliers are shouting, at the Roundheads routing,
Till over hill and valley comes creeping up the sun;
Then the shouts and the cheers turn suddenly to tears,
For there on the field, his brief race run,

White and still in the dawning of the wild autumn morning,
White and still in the chill of the new-risen day,
While the Roundheads are flying, the hero lies dying,
Who so late rode straight in the front of the fray;
With a smile upon his face, and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament, or a hunting holiday.

NORA PERRY.

BABY ATLAS.

AN arm and a fist — there's muscle!
What think you of that for a grip?
Where would Hercules be, or Samson,
If I'd either one on the hip?

Not use them? Why, don't I grapple
Already with wind and things?
I know I could swim too; see that, now —
About all I need is wings.

I'm going for papa's whiskers:
I'll get his moustache some day;
And I'll lift it clean off his features,
And make him believe it's play.

He has too much nose, I'm certain,
For a man of his age and size —
There! only six inches farther
And I'd either had that or his eyes!

He thinks I'm only a baby;
But I'm five months old this week,
And to call such a fellow an infant
Is a fraud of which I won't speak.

Now it surely is time for dinner:
Why can't they look out for a man?
I could go for it now bald-headed —
No one else in the family can.

My fists, or a slice out of papa, —
Was there ever starvation like mine?
I'll squall if it isn't forth-coming,
For they all know a man must dine.

What's this? Me, taken and lifted
This reckless way through the air?
What's that? Ah, I know, my dinner;
And it's time it was coming. THERE!

POSSESSION.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

A POET loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine who shinest so brightly?

"Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,
Our preachment to-day, as you shall hear,
Will be ob de creation, — ob de plan
On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.
When God made Adam, in the ancient day,
He made his body out of earth and clay,
He shape him out all right, den by and by,
He set him up agin de fence to dry."
"Stop," said a voice; and straightway there uprose,
An ancient negro in his master's clothes.
"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,
One little thing which I should like to know.
It does not quite get through this niggar's har,
How came that fence so nice and handy dar?"
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
Or one non-plussed, astonished, thunder-struck,
The preacher looked severely on the pews,
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
"Bredren," said he, "dis word I hab to say;
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
For, if he is, it's jest as like as not,
Our whole theology will be upsot."

CONGREGATIONALIST.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then let the way appear
  Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
  In Mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
  Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

A SHORT SERMON.

THERE's nine men a standin' at the dore, an' they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n. Sich, friends and brethering, was the talk in a wurdly cens, wonst common in this our ainshunt land; but the dais is gone by, and the sans run dry, and no man can say to his nabur, Hoo art thou, man, and will you take enny more shugar in your kaughey? But the wurds of our text has a d'f'rent and more partickler meenin' than this. Thar they stood at the dore, on a cold winter's mornin', two Baptiss and two Methodiss and fiv Lutharians, and the tother one was a publikin. And they

The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl, — I can't contrive how it should happen thus,
That God could pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us.
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em, all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me, — I'm goin' home to-day.

W. M. CARLETON.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh what shall I do now? — 'twas looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, — I can't tell the reason, —
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM here. And, if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands: I think I'll put my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler; and the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and, when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind: when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now; and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline. No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I was a "funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one, that's "Gamma." Emeline told me so; and she took me up, and held me against her soft cheek, and said, "I was Gamma's baby, so I was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. The idea of giving babies catnip-tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to.

THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.

"And so thou say'st, my brother, to-morrow the end shall be,
And I must perish amid the flames of the awful *auto-da-fé!*

"Thus let it be; for 'tis well to die, that the Word of the Lord may live:
O blessed Jesu! be near to the last, that I, like thee, may forgive."

On the damp dungeon-floor she knelt, and prayed in a tremulous voice
For strength to endure the fiery trial, and faith to retain her choice;

While the cowlèd priest stood mute, and gazed through the strong bars, yellow with rust,
And trembled, as in her pallid face he read an unfaltering trust.

At last he whispered, "O sister mine! recant ere it be too late.
In the youthful bloom of a beautiful life, why choose ye so cruel a fate?

"Renounce thine heresies even now, and the condemnation dire
Of the Inquisition shall be revoked, — the torturing death by fire!

"O sister beloved! remember well, thou art last of our kin and race:
The name of our father is dear to the land; shall it fade in this cloud of disgrace?

"Great Galileo at Rome hath knelt, and abjured his errors vain:
Why do ye not even as he hath done, while the way of escape is plain?"

So pleaded the priest, though he knew for nought, as she rose in the dismal gloom,
Possessed of the hope and the peace not of earth, fixed far beyond terror of doom.

More beautiful then, in her strength of soul, she seemed
than whenever, of old,
She had graced the palace or regal court, radiant with jewels
and gold.

No lady of all the wide kingdom of Spain, from the Pyre-
nees to the sea,
Might boast of a lineage prouder than hers, or a name from
reproach more free.

And he, the priest, though a soldier bred, yet forced from
the glory and strife
For the solemn peace and the sacred vows of the stern
monastic life.

And she answered him, "I will never renounce the price-
less joys of my faith,
But brave the impotent curse of the Church, and choose the
heretic's death!

"Thou servest the Church; but I serve Him whose temple is
built above,
And will die as the martyred saints of old, for the sake of
the truth I love."

The hour had come; and they led her forth, in the yellow
robe arrayed;
And she stood among the group of the doomed, still fearless
and undismayed.

And she saw not the eager multitude, nor the king enthroned
on high,
Nor the stern Inquisitors, robed in black, who had judged
her worthy to die.

They bound her fast to the fatal stake, and piled the fagots
around,
Then paused till the solemn chant had ceased, and the
signal of doom should sound.

Then the flames burst forth, and the smoke rolled high, and
blinded her lifted eyes;
And she murmured in agony, "Courage, O soul! thou hast
almost gained the prize!"

And he who had stood at the dungeon-door, and strove to save her in vain,
When he saw her thus in the grasp of death, swift madness seized on his brain.

With the strong resolve of a frenzied hope, he sprang in the midst of the fire,
Which rose and leaped like a wrathful fiend, hissing with baleful ire.

Too late, alas! the vengeful flame withered the outstretched hand,
And the two freed souls together passed into the spirit land!

ARTHUR WM. AUSTIN.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than hers did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid,—
He's put some one else in our pew;
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely.
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here:
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after all her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.

Oh! you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it;
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress! — for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue! —
And those coat-sleeves — they wore them last summer —
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported —
So dreadful! — a minister's wife.
And thinking so much about fashion! —
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly — I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font! —
Some girl who's gone on the assistant —
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug! —
So devout — I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over,
And the ends of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons:
Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy —
She's engaged to him now — horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How *can* this girl next to me act so, —
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now, — how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one:
How can people say church is poky! —
So wicked! — I think it's real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JUN.

THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue.
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colors — except on his nose;
And he met with a lady, the story goes.
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she cast him a beamy blink;
And the traveller nothing was loth, I think.
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath;
And the Quaker he grinned, — for he'd very good teeth, —
And he asked, "Art thee going to ride on the heath?"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
"As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't 'for any thing' I should be found,
For — between you and me — I have five hundred pound."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"If that is thine own, dear," the Quaker he said,
"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The maiden she smiled, and her rein she drew:
"Your offer I take — though I'll not take you."
A pistol she held at the Quaker's head, —
"Now give me your gold — or I'll give you my lead —
'Tis under the saddle I think you said."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
And the Quaker was never a Quaker till now;
And he saw, by the fair one he wished for a bride,
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that shammed tender now only defied.
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth she,
"To take all this filthy temptation from thee;
For Mammon deceiveth, and beauty is fleeting:
Accept from thy *maiden* a right loving greeting.
For much doth she profit by this Quaker's meeting."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"And hark! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness more than a wench in thine eye:
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath;
Remember the one that you met on the heath;
Her name's *Jimmy* Barlow — I tell to your teeth."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"*Friend* James," quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see:
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's; and truly on thee I depend
To make it appear I my trust did defend."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."
So Jim he popped first through the skirt of his coat,
And then through his collar, quite close to his throat.
"Now one through my broadbrim," quoth Ephraim, "I vote."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," quoth bold Jim, "and they're spent;
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."
"Then," said Ephraim, producing *his* pistols, "just give
My five hundred pounds back, or as sure as you live
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled; and, though he was game,
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers;
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that "*the thieves were no match for the Quakers.*"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Red Jacket. *Geo. M. Baker*	1
Old Age	3
Mahmoud. *Leigh Hunt*	6
The Closet Scene. (From "Hamlet.")	8
How he saved St. Michael's. *Aldine*	12
Samson	15
The Story of the Bad Little Boy who didn't come to Grief. *Mark Twain*	17
Mr. Caudle and his Second Wife. *Douglas Jerrold's Fireside Saints*	20
Tauler. *Whittier*	23
The Doorstep. *E. C. Steadman*	25
Old Farmer Gray gets photographed	26
Mr. O'Gallagher's Three Roads to Learning. *Capt. Marryat*	28
The Jester's Sermon. *Walter Thornbury*	32
"The Boofer Lady." *Dickens's "Mutual Friend"*	34
Defiance of Harold the Dauntless. *Scott*	39
Battle Hymn. *Körner*	42
The Story of the Faithful Soul. *Adelaide Procter*	43
"Curfew must not ring To-Night"	45
The Showman's Courtship	48
How Terry Saved his Bacon	50
The Senator's Pledge. *Charles Sumner*	52
Overthrow of Belshazzar. *Barry Cornwall*	54
The Hour of Prayer. *Mrs. Hemans*	54
The Squire's Story. *John Phœnix*	55
The Happiest Couple. *Sheridan*	56
Godiva. *Tennyson*	62

Farmer Bent's Sheep-Washing 64
The Deutsch Maud Muller. *Carl Pretzel* 65
Charles Sumner. *Carl Schurz* 66
The Bricklayers. *G. H. Barnes* 68
A Stranger in the Pew. *Harper's Mag.* 69
The Mistletoe-Bough. *Bayley* 71
The Puzzled Census-Taker. *J. G. Saxe* 72
The Voices at the Throne. *I. Westwood* 73
Hans Breitmann's Party. *Chas. G. Leland* 74
Rob Roy MacGregor. *Walter Scott* 75
Der Drummer 76
The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog 77
Popping the Question 79
The Bumpkin's Courtship 80
The Happy Life. *Sir Henry Wotton* 82
At the Soldiers' Graves. *Robert Collyer* 83
Nobody there. *Anonymous* 84
The Factory Girl's Diary. *Morton* 86
In the Tunnel 88
"Jones" 89
The Whistler 91
"Good and Better" 92

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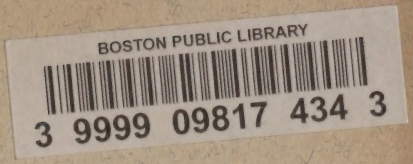
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